

THE ACADEMY,
May 22, 1909

"MERE NERVOUS DEGENERATES"

THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

No. 1933

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE dinner of the Council of the Men's League for Opposing Woman Suffrage took place on Tuesday last at the Hotel Cecil, under the presidency of the Earl of Cromer, and was an unqualified success. Able speeches were made by Lord Cromer, by the two guests of the evening, Lord Curzon of Kedleston and Lord James of Hereford, by Mr. Massie, M.P., Sir Edward Clarke, and the Dean of Canterbury. Lord Curzon was in particularly good form, and his speech with its wit and closely reasoned argument was undoubtedly the outstanding feature of the evening. As far as we are concerned we make no complaints, and we found ourselves in hearty agreement with every one of his Lordship's remarks. At the same time, it might well be argued that in view of the presence of a large number of Liberals, including many Liberal Members of Parliament, Lord Curzon might have moderated his more scathing remarks about the present Government. To one of these Liberal Members of Parliament, namely the Hon. Ivor Guest, the anti-suffrage movement owes an inestimable debt; and a dinner of the Men's League for Opposing Woman Suffrage was perhaps hardly a fitting occasion on which to "rub in" to Mr. Guest and his fellow Liberals the follies and iniquities of the party with which they are unfortunately connected. However, these be toys. But we should like seriously to suggest to the Anti-Suffrage League that its Press organisation is very defective. For instance, neither the *Standard* of Wednesday, nor the *Evening Standard* of that day contained any reference whatever to the dinner and the speeches made. Yet if we are not very much mistaken the representative of the *Standard* was present and ate a very hearty meal. And the same applies to the representative of the *Westminster Gazette*, which organ of light and leading was equally dumb as far as any report of the proceedings is concerned. The Men's League for Opposing Woman Suffrage wants all the money it can get for the furtherance of its excellent work, and it certainly cannot afford to provide free dinners to hungry journalists, whether they be of the "Liberal" or "Conservative" persuasion, without exacting some sort of *quid pro quo*. The *Standard* professes to be opposed to Women's Suffrage, and it has constantly shown its devotion to the cause by reporting at great

length the sayings and doings of the Pankhursts and other members of the gang which Lord Curzon appropriately describes as "howling dervishes." It is a little extraordinary, to say the least of it, that it finds itself unable to devote even a short paragraph to the side of the question which it professes to uphold when people of the intellectual and political eminence of Lord Curzon and Lord James of Hereford enunciate their views. We sincerely hope that we are not going to have a repetition in the case of Mr. Pearson's organ of the startling change of front indulged in by the organ of Baron Burnham. But we should not be surprised if the same subtle influences which induced the *Daily Telegraph* to execute a complete *volte face* on this question were to operate in the case of Pearson's penny daily.

It seems to be pretty well universally admitted among those who have any claim to speak with authority that the House of Lords not only has the power to throw out the Budget neck and crop, but that it intends to exercise that power. For the past two or three weeks the *Observer* has been pluming itself on its sagacity in prophesying the probability of such an event. We are sorry to rob the *Observer* of its cause for self-congratulation; but we really must point out that no less than five months ago in THE ACADEMY of December 19th, in an article entitled "Supererogatory Tarantara at the National Liberal Club," we made use of the following words:

It is generally understood that the "gauntlet" to be flung down to the Peers will take the form of a Socialistic and confiscatory Budget of the most outrageous description, a hen-roost robbery on an unprecedented scale of predatory magnificence. The Lords having once more outraged the "will of the People" by kicking the Budget contemptuously downstairs, the great Liberal party will then go to the country and demand the lungs and livers of these wicked persons, their blood, or such blood as they may lose, being, as has been already explained by the excitable Mr. Birrell, "on their own heads."

Since then we have on several occasions re-emphasised our conviction as to the probable course of events. So that the *Observer* must make up its mind on this occasion to take a very far back seat among the minor prophets. At the same time we are able to congratulate the editor of the *Observer* on the fact that, unlike the great Mr. St. Loe Strachey, he evidently has the good sense to read THE ACADEMY.

The Government and Mr. McKenna have come very badly out of the affair of Captain Bacon's letters to the First Sea Lord containing reflections on Mr. Bellairs. The whole business is discreditable in the extreme, and the shuffling excuses of Mr. McKenna will not be accepted for a moment by any fair-minded man. Lord Winterton in the House of Commons on Wednesday last asked Mr. McKenna whether he proposed "to observe the ordinary standard of honour," and Mr. McKenna drew the attention of the Speaker to this observation; whereupon Lord Winterton, without waiting to hear the Speaker's ruling, got up and said: "May I say that as my observation was obviously disorderly, of course I withdraw it." For our part we fail to see anything "obviously disorderly" in Lord Winterton's question. On the contrary, it seems to us to be a perfectly proper question to ask, and it is a great pity that Lord Winterton should be in such a hurry to eat his own words. There can be nothing more foolish than to make strong remarks on a matter about which one entertains strong feelings and then in the same breath, as it were, to admit that they were "obviously disorderly." There are occasions when strong remarks ought to be made, and when the courage to

make them is laudable and creditable, and persons who having made such remarks have not got the pluck to stick to them had better make up their minds in the future to hold their tongues altogether. Lord Winterton, who has lately become editor of one of the Harmsworth publications, seems to be rapidly imbibing Harmsworthian methods of controversy. They will not add to his reputation, and their exhibition in the House of Commons is distressing to those who at one time had hopes of Lord Winterton's future as a serious politician.

Referring to some playful remarks which we made last week about the late Mr. Justice Day's pictures and the hobbies of various other judges, we have received a letter from a correspondent who gravely rebukes us and takes us to task for "following the unworthy example of certain disreputable penny and sixpenny weekly papers which never lose an opportunity for making rude remarks about judges." Our correspondent goes on to assure us that he has the highest esteem for *THE ACADEMY* and the greatest admiration for its "bold and brilliant attitude." Our correspondent is most kind, but the compliments of a gentleman who is capable of so completely misunderstanding us as he does do not afford us unmixed contentment. We did not think that it was possible for any of our readers to mistake our perfectly harmless and good-natured persiflage about Mr. Justice Grantham, Mr. Justice Darling, and the Lord Chief Justice for "rudeness," and we have far too much respect for these eminent men to suppose that they themselves would have so interpreted our paragraph if they happened to read it. There is no judge on the Bench for whom we entertain a more sincere admiration than Mr. Justice Grantham; he is a fine gentleman in the truest sense of the word as well as a remarkably able and fearless judge. The ill-bred sneers directed against him from time to time in certain of our less reputable contemporaries can in almost every case be directly traced to the malignance of disappointed litigators, and as such they are beneath contempt. We have an equal respect and admiration for Mr. Justice Darling and the Lord Chief Justice, and that we should be impelled by the letter of a professing admirer of *THE ACADEMY* to say so flatly and definitely is almost an absurdity. There are some things which really ought to be taken for granted by people who profess to be one's friends.

We have received further letters from people who are anxious to argue the question of imperfect rhymes and to justify them by quotations from the best poets. Curiously enough, one of these letters emanates from Oxford and another from Cambridge. The efforts of our correspondents are wrong-headed and perverse, for, say what they will, a bad rhyme remains a bad rhyme even if it can be proved to have been used by Shakespeare and Milton and other great poets. Elderly, white-bearded gentlemen at our two great seats of learning may sit through the midnight watches in the turreted chambers of venerable buildings, with all the weight of classical knowledge and classical traditions at their backs, rhyming "flower" with "paramour" till all is blue, but we shall not cease to protest against such violations of the poetical art and to deplore the misdirection to budding youth which is implied in such senile aberrations and deviations from the true path of poetical rectitude.

The Dean of Westminster is a powerful person. It lies within his prerogative to decide whether the honour of being buried in Westminster Abbey shall be accorded to a man or not. He has refused to receive the ashes of George Meredith; and he will give no reasons. The usual reason as to limitations of space

would not avail in this case; because the ashes of even the greatest of us can take up very little room indeed. So that we are left with the high and dry fact that, for some reason or other, George Meredith is not considered by the Dean of Westminster to be quite "worthy" of such *post mortem* distinction as the Dean has it in his province to bestow. Perhaps Mr. Meredith's peculiar views about marriage, expressed by him in an interview with a hapenny reporter—and not in his books—perhaps it is these views which have influenced Dean Robinson's decision. Apart from the higher rights and wrongs of the matter, Dean Robinson is a bold man, inasmuch as his refusal to receive into the Abbey Mr. Meredith's ashes is made in the teeth of the desires of the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir William Huggins, and the Authors' Society. If the Dean would always be as difficult as he would appear now to be Westminster Abbey might indeed become the place of sepulchre for truly great Englishmen only. However, we expect that George Meredith will be very content at Dorking, even as Algernon Charles Swinburne rests himself comfortably at Bonchurch. And we can quite see that the Dean of Westminster may, in the course of time, want all the space he can muster for the accommodation of the mortal remains of those authors whose sales so enlarge the souls of Mr. Shorter and Dr. Robertson Nicoll. On the other hand, let not these gentry be at all puffed up. Probably all of them, in spite of the portents, will have to make shift at Kensal Rise.

We note with feelings suitable to the occasion that Mr. Swinburne has left an estate valued at nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-six pounds five shillings net. The enlightened and intelligent newspaper press of the penny plain and hapenny coloured varieties has commented prettily on the fact, and points out with great acumen that, when all is said, poetry of the right sort is "a paying proposition." We are afraid, however, that Mr. Swinburne's nineteen thousand pounds net was not altogether the result of the sale of his books. If he made five hundred a year out of poetry, even in the later years of his life, we should be surprised. Of course, no reasonable poet should desire to compass more. And we do not think that Mr. Swinburne cared twopence whether he made money or not. We have known him refuse lump sums which any writer in the world, except Swinburne, would have jumped at. The trouble about literature as a profession at the present moment is that the larger number of persons engaged in it feel themselves to be outraged because they can never hope to be millionaires. The other day we had the spectacle of the *Saturday Review* howling horribly over "the bitter, lonely life" of a pensioned poet who could not afford "to entertain a few friends to dinner at the Criterion Restaurant." The *Saturday* would have us believe that it was the duty of the people of England either to buy this poet's works in quantities which would have enabled him "to entertain a few friends to dinner at the Criterion Restaurant," or to increase his pension from a hundred and fifty pounds to such a sum as would have enabled him "to entertain a few friends to dinner at the Criterion Restaurant." Apparently, therefore, a thousand a year is the least sum which, in reason, you can offer to a poet. And the *Saturday* goes on to talk of the reviewers who are earning fifteen hundred a year. Do they earn it on the *Saturday*, one wonders? It is singular that never by any chance does the competent poet call loudly for money. If we remember rightly, Tennyson's pension was a hundred a year. It may have been a hundred and fifty, or it may have been two hundred. In any case, for the best part of his life Tennyson was a poor man.

And his poverty delayed his marriage, and no doubt prevented him entertaining his friends at the Criterion Restaurant. Yet he managed to hide it, and he always wrote in the tone of a gentleman of large property, even after he came into his pension. It is all a question of breeding and sound poetical parts. A man who puts his hand into the fire for the sake of poetry gets burnt, but he does not want anybody's pity or anybody's tears. A man who puts his hand into the fire for the sake of poetical rewards gets burnt and makes a fearful noise about it. In justice to the *Saturday Review*, we ought to mention that the *Saturday's* article is signed by the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail*. This explains everything, excepting the fact that the *Saturday* has printed the article.

The *Saturday* must learn to refrain from cant in literary affairs. Nothing in the world can make the public buy poetry or prose which they do not want. Before you can induce them to buy poetry you must teach them to want it. They have been taught to want certain poets, as, for example, Shakespeare, and, for that matter, Tennyson. But it will be found that even the sales of Shakespeare and of Tennyson are as a molehill to a mountain compared with the sales of some of our "clever" novelists. So that the work of education is either a difficult affair or it has been grossly mismanaged. For ourselves, we lean to the opinion that it is grossly and flagrantly mismanaged. We believe that, in spite of the wholesale corruption of the public taste which nearly every newspaper and nearly every publishing house has attempted for the sake of gain, the public taste is far sounder and far surer than it is imagined to be. And we also believe that the public's slowness in taking to its bosom this, that, or the other poet is proof positive that the public possesses taste, and that in a blind and stumbling way it recognises that the chiefest danger of letters is not apathy or failure of recognition, but swiftness to hail fools on the bare and interested word of boomsters and persons who are out for profit.

From *John Bull* we cull the following poetic gem:

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true!
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.
Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.
Give truth, and your gifts will be paid in kind,
And honour will honour meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet!

Surely the last two lines are a little personal? They suggest Bottomley smiling at Vivian and Vivian smiling back again at Bottomley. Or a little deal in smiles between Mr. Odhams of the *Guardian* and Mr. Elias of the *Hairdresser's Review*. Smiles apart, however, we have not by any means finished with the "secret history" of the Bottomley affair.

The *Isis* has apologised again, and has paid damages and costs. This is as it should be, though it makes us yawn. We shall now hope to lie down in peace with Oxford and Cambridge for at least a fortnight. It seems, however, that there is a newspaper called the *East Anglian Daily Times*. This paper has made serious imputations against us, and of course, it has apologised, and is going to apologise still further. Life is a tiresome business; anger is short madness, and pride goeth before a fall. We do trust that we shall not have to chronicle more than half-a-dozen apologies during Whit Week.

THE CHARMED POOL

(From the French of Albert Samain.)

My heart is as a charmed pool that trembles,
The secret haunt of birds and foliage frail,
And where the silver flight of sylphs assembles
In the clear eve, when blossoms fade and fail;

The dreaming moon her paleness images,
The Dawn her warm feet in its crystal dips;
Its margin sighs eternal harmonies
From the tall reed-pipes' unappeased lips.

M. JOURDAIN.

"MERE NERVOUS DEGENERATES"

THE *Daily Mail* of yesterday publishes an article entitled "The Phantom Airship." The article is dated "Berlin," and it is signed "Northcliffe." It is an article which purports to be on the side of reason. The author commences by pointing out that "Accounts of phantom German airships alleged to be flying over England and the North Sea . . . are placing England and Englishmen in a ridiculous and humiliating light before the German people." In support of this statement we are favoured with a quotation from the *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten*:

Things which are being said and done in England in these days strike us Germans as magnificent material for farce and comedy. But the ridiculousness of it all is only one side of the matter. Madness is also dangerous. If we had to deal only with poor lunatics who hear a guilty conscience knocking on water, in the air, and under the earth and water, and label it "German danger," it would not be necessary to waste a single word.

What stands out conspicuously is the lack of any sturdy resistance to these hallucinations in the English public. There are certainly millions of Englishmen who are not only not participating in this mad procedure, but who wholly abhor it and are deeply chagrined over it. But they remain dumb. We miss the voice of shame and anger with which a great nation should command the propagators of such witchery to keep silent.

With a view no doubt to obliging the *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten* the *Daily Mail's* correspondent, Northcliffe, proceeds to raise "the voice of shame and anger" which our German contemporary so misses, and he raises it to the following beautiful effect:

There is nothing quieter in the world than a powder magazine the second before it explodes. A spark falling suddenly in the midst of public temper can convert long-gathering exasperation into a conflagration. It is dangerous sparks of this kind which Englishmen term untoward events—events which nobody could foresee, which, without warning, come to pass and stir and excite popular passions with elemental fury.

There has certainly been no lack recently of symptoms indicating what has been resting on the English national mind. For the most part our idea of good taste has simply been offended by what has been gossiped about nefarious German plans. In the consciousness that these tales are mere phantasies we shrug our shoulders. The invasion danger, the 40,000 waiter-spies, the air-

ship cruising over England at night, compel our ridicule. . . .

Germans, who have so long been accustomed to regard Great Britain as a model of national deportment, poise, and cool-headedness, are beginning to believe that England is becoming the home of mere nervous degenerates.

We are compelled to assume that the Northcliffe who signs this article is none other than our old friend Alfred Harmsworth, commonly known as Baron Northcliffe of the Isle of Thanet. There is a faith somewhere which is big enough to remove mountains. There is a charity in this office which is big enough to assume that Lord Northcliffe's article is inspired by the most honest and patriotic motives, and that Lord Northcliffe is writing in the absence of a knowledge of certain facts with which he might reasonably have been supposed to have acquainted himself. The *Daily Mail*, which is now convinced that the "invasion danger, the forty thousand waiter-spies, and the airship cruising over England at night, compel our ridicule," and the *Daily Mail* which believes that "the Germans are beginning to believe that England is becoming the home of mere nervous degenerates" is owned by a company called The Associated Newspapers, Limited, of which company the aforesaid Lord Northcliffe is the Chairman and principal shareholder, and by an extraordinary coincidence this same Associated Newspapers, Limited, owns and conducts and prints and publishes a paper called the *Evening News*. On Thursday of last week the *Evening News* came out with half a column headed "The Illusive Airship." "To-day," says the *Evening News*, "we have received signed statements from the persons who say that they have actually seen it." On Saturday of last week the *Evening News* had a column and a half on the subject, together with a large map showing in black type the names of places where the airship is said to have been seen. On Monday of the present week the *Evening News* had three-quarters of a column headed "The Ghostly Airship—Its Weekend Visit to Lowestoft—Observers' Stories." On Tuesday there was another front page column. On Wednesday there was a column and a half of front page, headed "The Secret Airship," and sub-headed "Distinctly Seen" and "Clouds of Witnesses," and on Thursday there were two front page columns in which "the spectral ship" was reported to have been seen near London and to have visited Southend, Norwich and Monmouth. And on Friday the *Daily Mail* produces Lord Northcliffe's beautiful article. Now we assert that the *Evening News* has deliberately worked this airship business on the lines of the scoop; we assert that it has given a serious colour to the details and signed statements which it has raked up at great expense, and that the whole business, in so far as it can affect Germany, is the creation of the *Evening News*. We do not say that the *Evening News* invented the original rumours or that its signed statements are not *bonâ fide* statements. But we do say that if, as Lord Northcliffe would have us believe, the affair has assumed a dangerous international aspect that dangerous aspect has been created by the *Evening News*, and that this has been done not in the interests of the public, but for the mere purpose of selling newspapers. If, as Lord Northcliffe asserts, the airship compels ridicule, why have his journals been taking it seriously and dealing with it as the principal topic of the moment for over a week past? And if England has become the home of mere nervous degenerates to whom in the name of goodness are we to attribute their nervous degeneration as exhibited in the matter of this airship, if not to this very *Evening News* and to this very Lord Northcliffe who now lifts up his voice in shame and anger on the subject? The bare fact that Lord Northcliffe can write with un-

blushing effrontery what he writes in yesterday's *Daily Mail* the while his other journal, the *Evening News*, is engaged in manufacturing or elaborating the self-same scares and phantasies and foolish fictions and inflammable rumours and pin-pricks of which he complains is an appalling commentary on the Harmsworth methods and the absolute contempt which the Harmsworths have always shown for the mere nervous degenerates they have succeeded in creating in this country. Lord Northcliffe cannot have it both ways. He cannot make hapence out of scares and then turn round and have us believe that he is a patriot and that there is wisdom in anything he may have to tell us. If Germany is so mad as to take a serious view of the airship scare and if the scare is, as Lord Northcliffe asserts, calculated to provoke war and "its incalculable consequences" the blame does not rest with the English people or with its leaven of Harmsworth-bred nervous degenerates, but with the *Evening News* and Lord Northcliffe. In point of fact, there will be no war and there will be no complications. Germany is not ripe for either. You can fool the public most of the time, but not all the time, and if Lord Northcliffe is not very careful he will very shortly discover that there is a limit to the patience and stupidity of even nervous degenerates.

GEORGE MEREDITH

GEORGE MEREDITH is dead, and for thousands the bright hours are saddened in the shadow of that unexpected news. It is not that many of them knew him, or that they can claim the sorrowful distinction of a personal grief—they may never have seen his face, never have heard his voice, never have communicated with him in any way; but his presence, the splendid knowledge that he yet was among us and was able to recognise the homage of those to whom his work was precious, seemed to sustain a kinship of thought, a subtle communion of the spirit, which is the secret treasure of the truly great man given from the circle he has made his own. It is true that in the normal course of human affairs George Meredith could not have lived for many more years; well and happily had he exceeded the allotted span; but the end came suddenly, and the shock is the more keenly felt. That his illness did not take the form of an interminable, weariful time of pain we may be thankful; he preserved his intellectual prime to the last, and saw the efflorescence of the spring he sang so beautifully:

Out in the yellow meadows, where the bee
Hums by us with the honey of the Spring,
And showers of sweet notes from the larks on wing
Are dropping like a noon-dew, wander we—
Or is it now? or was it then? for now,
As then, the larks from running rings pour showers;
The golden foot of May is on the flowers,
And friendly shadows dance upon her brow.

To say, as has been said in numberless fugitive columns during the past week, that English literature suffers an irremediable loss with the death of this great novelist is beside the point and carries not even the saving impulse of truth. Literature, once enriched, retains her wealth for ever; one by one those fine souls who gave her of their best and purest pass away, but in the nation's memory—that unceasing and unbroken memory which bridges generation with generation and links past centuries to ages yet unborn—their words are imperishably enshrined. The inviolable condition is that sincerity of purpose must have brought these winged messengers to birth, noble aims nourished them, fine perceptions selected their arrangement and fixed the central idea from which, as beams from a star, they shall radiate and burn. Given such

attributes, the inspiring genius may vary as do precious stones—sapphire and ruby, emerald and diamond, amethyst and topaz, different in degree but united in their splendour. "Nature," said Carlyle, "does not make all great men, more than all other men, in the self-same mould. . . . Many different names, in different times and places, do we give to great men; according to varieties we note in them, according to the sphere in which they have displayed themselves." An indomitable truth and fidelity to his own instincts was the prevailing characteristic of George Meredith in his chosen realm of fiction; he *knew* he was right, whatever the world said, and that time would eventually crown him with the hero's laurel, sign of honourable victory. "Assured of worthiness," he wrote in his sonnet entitled "Internal Harmony," "we do not dread competitors":

. . . we rather give them hail
And greeting in the lists where we may fail:
Must, if we bear an aim beyond the head!
My betters are my masters; purely fed
By their sustainment I likewise shall scale
Some rocky steps between the mount and vale;
Meanwhile the mark I have and I will wed.
So that I draw the breath of finer air,
Station is nought, nor footways laurel-strewn,
Nor rivals tightly-belted for the race.
Good speed to them! My place is here or there;
My pride is that among them I have place:
And thus I keep this instrument in tune.

In tune, to the very last, the incomparable instrument stayed, and it will be to those who loved him a happy remembrance to set against their loss that to the latest week of his life the brain was clear, the outlook unclouded, the recollection facile and scarcely dimmed.

It is difficult for the younger generation, to whom the name of Meredith is so familiar, to realise that his first work—a volume of poems—was issued in the year made notable for English letters by the publication of "Pendennis," that "Shirley" had not long been in print, that "Bleak House" had not yet appeared, and that in France Chateaubriand had only been dead for three years. The fiction of this country at that period and in the following decade was in a state of transition—we might almost say a state of chaos, but it was a chaos illumined by dazzling flashes from several quarters. "Adam Bede" was to manifest its author's strength and win for her an undying name; Tennyson was to strike the sweet-sounding bells of "In Memoriam" and send their mellow tones echoing down the age; Browning was to produce the laborious "Paracelsus." By the launching of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" in the year 1859, Meredith, then thirty-one, puzzled the critics and took his stand—though not as yet his ultimate position—as a novelist who refused to pander to popular taste, who wrote in a style for which there was no standard of comparison available, and whose line of progression would be evidently set severely apart from others of his kind. The reception of the new departure was not flattering. One reviewer criticised it as full of faults, wearisome, affected, didactic, a book for men only; another buried it under the obloquy of being "untrue to life." We need not concern ourselves with this sort of thing now; very possibly the aspersions of these superior literary gentlemen were perfectly sincere at the time, and it is the fate of a writer or artist who has the pluck to set up a standard of his own to be judged by men who naturally cling to the criterions to which they are accustomed; but posterity has effectually reversed their condemnation. By many readers, chiefly, we think, the more youthful among his admirers, that book is considered his best. This is neither the time nor place to enter upon any protracted discussion of Meredith as a stylist, or of his literary methods; we have re-

cently appreciated and criticised some aspects of his work in prose and poetry in these columns; but it may be noted that not until the appearance of that masterpiece of comedy, "The Egoist," in the year 1879 did he receive anything approaching a wide approval. His curious style was essentially chosen for his personal pleasure; it had inconsequences, aberrations, discords—consecutive fifths in prose, we might term them—which only a minority even among the more literary and gifted of his readers could perceive to be deliberately and daringly introduced with an absolute disregard of public opinion. Placid enunciations of immature sentiment never found their way into the pages of this "master of us all," as R. L. Stevenson called him. The love-making of his heroes and heroines was never stupid, never gross, never fatuous, never sickeningly sweet; it abounded in the intensest passion—the demand of body for body and soul for soul—but never in the faintest degree was it soiled and degraded by eroticism in phrase or in suggestion. "Sentiment you do not obtain from a Damascus blade," he writes in "Harry Richmond," and the parallel is not inapt as applied to his own work; love, hearty, vehement, pure, he delighted to portray. What inimitable pictures we have of Richard Feverel, in the toils of love for the first time!—

His heart was a lightning steed, and bore him on and on over limitless regions bathed in superhuman beauty and strangeness, where cavaliers and ladies leaned whispering upon close green swards, and knights and ladies cast a splendour upon savage forests, and tilts and tourneys were held in golden courts lit to a glorious day by ladies' eyes, one pair of which, dimly visioned, constantly distinguishable, followed him through the boskage and dwelt upon him in the press, beaming while he bent above a hand glittering white and fragrant as the frosted blossom of a May night.

Awhile the heart would pause and flutter to a shock: he was in the act of consummating all earthly bliss by pressing his lips to the small white hand. Only to do that, and die! cried the Magnetic Youth; to fling the Jewel of Life into that one cup and drink it off! He was intoxicated by anticipation. For that he was born. There was, then, some end in existence, something to live for—to kiss a woman's hand, and die! He would leap from the couch, and rush to pen and paper to relieve his swarming sensations. Scarce was he seated when the pen was dashed aside, the paper sent flying with the exclamation, "Have I not sworn I would never write again?" Sir Austin had shut that safety valve. The nonsense that was in the youth might have poured harmlessly out, and its urgency for ebullition was so great that he was repeatedly oblivious of his oath, and found himself seated under the lamp in the act of composition before pride could speak a word. Possibly the pride even of Richard Feverel had been swamped if the act of composition were easy at such a time, and a single idea could stand clearly foremost; but myriads were demanding the first place; chaotic hosts, like ranks of stormy billows, pressed impetuously for expression, and despair of reducing them to form, quite as much as pride, to which it pleased him to refer his incapacity, threw down the powerless pen, and sent him panting to his outstretched length and another headlong career through the rosy-girdled land.

For virility of prose and clarity of construction has any succeeding writer equalled this splendid, nervous English? And the tender, half-shy impulses of Evan and Rose, in "Evan Harrington," are as simple and as delicate as any love scene in the other more famous volumes:

Then these lovers talked of distant days—compared their feelings on this and that occasion with mutual wonder and delight. Then the old hours lived anew. And—did you really think that, Evan? And—O, Rose! was that your dream? And the meaning of that bygone look: was it what they fancied? And such and such a tone of voice: would it bear the wished interpretation? Thus does Love avenge himself on the unsatisfactory past, and call out its essence.

The humour which interpenetrates all the novels is on too titanic a scale to be taken to the heart of the

average reader, who prefers farce and comic bodily exigencies to emergencies of mental states that require some powers of concentration of thought for their clear apprehension. The comedy inherent in such figures as Sir Austin, even while his iron rule leads to the bitterest tragedy, eludes the popular ear. When, for instance, the immaculate baronet discovers from the "lofty watch-tower of his System" that his son has been relieving his overcharged feelings in the ancient and honourable manner of lovers, "his wounded heart had its reasons for being much disturbed":

"Surely," said Lady Blandish, "you knew he scribbled?"
 "A very different thing from writing poetry," said the baronet. "No Feverel has ever written poetry."

"I don't think it's a sign of degeneracy," the lady remarked. "He rhymes very prettily to me."

A London phrenologist, and a friendly Oxford Professor of poetry, quieted Sir Austin's fears.

This energy of satire never degenerated to rancour even in Meredith's most fierce and censorious moods. It informed his dislike of narrowness, bigotry, and Puritanism with a scathing, subtle, yet withal good-humoured disdain which was far more poignant than the bludgeons of downright didactic declamation could have been. It also led up in its more exalted expressions to the blemishes of intellectual obscurity that must be admitted here and there to exist; but be it noted that the faults are always those of depth of thought and idea, not those of shallowness—and here is the great gulf fixed between him and the crowded scribblers of the present day, who by ornate embellishment and a pedantry of decoration seek to conceal the fragility of their anæmic conceptions. He spared no weapons of scorn for the weak and false and morally frail, and it is as if at times his pen was clogged by the burden of his contempt.

As a poet, George Meredith is assured of a high place among the singers of England, but more by reason of a few exquisite poems that visibly separate from the body of his work than by reason of a large output of any exceptional poetic attraction. As we pointed out in these pages a short time ago, the very qualities of brimming idea and prolific metaphor which so astound the reader and make his prose so wonderful militate against the production of rhythmic verse. The exceptions, the undeniably great poems by which his name will live, can be briefly numbered. "Love in the Valley," with its haunting measure, represents perhaps the highest point of pure poesy that Meredith attained, and its last stanza, with its simple assertion "heaven is my need," touches the heart:

Could I find a place to be alone with heaven,
 I would speak my heart out: heaven is my need.
 Every woodland tree is flushing like the dogwood,
 Flashing like the whitebeam, swaying like the reed.
 Flushing like the dogwood crimson in October,
 Streaming like the flag-reed South-West blown;
 Flashing as in gusts the sudden-lighted whitebeam;
 All seem to know what is for heaven alone.

"Modern Love" is his greatest work, in the general acceptance of the word great; this, again, we must not enlarge upon. "Melampus," "The Lark Ascending," some portions of "A Reading of Earth," and a few other poems form the posy from this garden the fragrance of which will be immortal.

George Meredith cared for no man's praise or blame. Never once did he stoop to the petty self-advertisement that is as the breath of life to so many lesser men. The fineness of the world was in him, while from his modest retreat among the hills and woods he loved so well he followed the doings of that world and moved day by day in his circle of content. The praise or blame of men is still less to him now; it is left for us

to pay our tribute of sympathy and sorrow to those bereaved, and to hold his name in affectionate remembrance as one to whom trials made life a splendid thing, buffetings were cause for brave, free laughter, and one whose motto might be well written in his own indomitable words: "Let life be torn and streaming like the flag of battle, it must be forward to the end."

"THESE THREE"

It is hardly possible to read through carefully the series of magnificent letters which the Apostle Paul sent to the Churches at Corinth, at Ephesus, at Philippi, and other recently-formed congregations of the saints, without coming to the conclusion that the writer was one of the most energetic and indomitable persons of his time. Undisguisedly he glories in the faith that is in him—the faith which checked his sinister career so suddenly and sublimely when on the dusty road to Damascus there "shined round about him a light from heaven." The "threatenings and slaughter" with which he had previously been filled are transmuted by some mysterious spiritual alchemy into an ardent desire for the conversion of men, and whereas before he brought death and disgrace to their bodies, now he strains every nerve in order that their souls may live. He exhorts, warns, reproaches—it is astonishing what a modern note occurs in some of these passages. "Now in this that I declare unto you," he says to the quarrelsome Corinthians, "I praise you not, that ye come together not for the better, but for the worse; for first of all, when ye come together in the church, I hear that there be divisions among you; and I partly believe it. . . . What shall I say to you? Shall I praise you in this? I praise you not." With a superb egotism he declaims time after time his confidence in himself and his belief: "I therefore so run," he writes, "not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air"; and in another place, "As the truth of Christ is in me, no man shall stop me of this boasting in the regions of Achaia." In curious contrast comes an occasional self-distrust, as though his impetuous nature had betrayed him into saying too much—"I am become a fool in glorying; ye have compelled me; for I ought to have been commended of you: for in nothing am I behind the very chiefest apostles, though I be nothing." The immeasurable joy of it all breaks through irrepressibly again and again. "Now thanks be to God," he cries, "which always causeth us to triumph. . . . We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." And this is the man who stood by, witnessing and consenting to Stephen's martyrdom; who "made havoc of the church, entering into every house, and haling men and women committed them to prison"! It is one of the most wonderful instances of the complete diversion of fiery vigour and ill purpose into a diametrically opposite channel of which we have any record.

This restless, reckless spirit, however, had its calmer interludes, and it was when under the influence of one of these brief tranquillities in the battle that some of his finest periods were penned. Faith and hope are the masts and sails of his vessel, charity—that is, love—is its precious freight, and for what splendid havens "eternal in the heavens" this prince of dreamers steered we are told with a repetition that never wearies. "We look not," he says, "at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." Here was his

faith in its primal and intensest form—that belief in the journey's ultimate success and glorious end which to-day seems to many men quite impossible and untenable. Here was his hope, its divine and human aspects indivisible as the root and stem of the perfect flower; the exalted and inspiring hope which is to-day scorned by many who apparently have no need of an "anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, which entereth into that within the veil."

It would seem that the rapidity with which we live in the present age renders a certain type of mind independent of spiritual matters. An engagement for every hour of the day, be it business or pleasure, leaves little time to spare for the consideration of "things unseen." "It is a secret," wrote Emerson, "which every intelligent man quickly learns, that beyond the energy of his possessed and conscious intellect he is capable of new energy (as of an intellect doubled on itself) by abandonment to the nature of things; that besides his power as an individual man, there is a great public power upon which he can draw, by unlocking at all risks his human doors, and suffering the ethereal tides to roll and circulate through him." And if it be objected that these sentences are somewhat ornate and indeterminate, we can reasonably condense them into one assertion—that man stands in a definite relationship to the infinite. The realisation of this is not constant, like the bodily sense of touch or of sight; it comes and goes irresponsibly, born of a moment's experience, a fleeting transfiguration of the material, visible world. Even Shelley in his ardour admitted where he could not prove—in doing which, we conceive, poets rise from the sphere of the artist to that of the prophet and interpreter of mysteries:

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats though unseen amongst us—visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,—
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,—
Like memory of music fled,
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

The faith and hope which inform these stanzas, and those of many another poet, are directly in line with that imperturbable faith and hope of Paul, differing only in degree and in clearness of definition, and the more we realise the beauty and the simplicity and the strength of the proud apostle's words, the more heavily seems to press the question: Are we losing in these later years the spiritual sense?

In the physical realm it is common knowledge that an organ consistently neglected or unused becomes atrophied; the injured arm or leg, compelled to stillness, shrinks and wastes away. In the region of intellect the parallel holds good; the mathematician, the anatomist, the astronomer often encourages one gift at the expense of others, which gradually sink below the normal in effectiveness. Precisely so the spiritual sense, the sense by which we retain our hold on those shining dreams that have been the inspiration of prophets and priests and poets from the earliest ages, may be cultivated or discarded, enhanced or vitiated beyond all remedy. This sense is no fantasy of the imagination. It is as much and as explicit a part of our nature as the bodily sense of sight, or of hearing; indeed, between these there exists a fundamental analogy, since the spiritual sense is that function or instinct of the soul by which we are enabled to perceive—it may be but dimly—the lands that lie beyond the bounds of space and time, to hear—it may be but

faintly—the voices of the infinite. The ancient mystics apprehended this subtle bond connecting the known and the unknown; the prophets of old were familiar with it—the "Vision of Isaiah" is full of suggestive passages; the Apostle Paul, as we have seen, lived to proclaim it, having become cognisant of it in no ordinary manner; and in later times many devout men—Saint Francis, notably—have illustrated in their lives its influence and perseverance. What scope do we allow it to-day?

The spectacle of a world wherein this faith, this divine elation of spirit, was permitted to descend into oblivion: where this hope, the super-vision of the soul, was dulled, and where charity, born of faith and hope, was crowded out, would be a pitiful one. Angels could hardly visit such a world. Peace must for ever shun its atmosphere of gloom. Love could scarcely enter within its borders; only passion, wearing the mask of love, could receive a welcome there. The wrangling of the market-place would be its offering of praise to the Most High; the sound of faithless, and therefore meaningless, prayers would rise only to insult the heavens; its ruinous temples and lovely, violated shrines could but mock the God whom once they honoured. No sweet spirit of pity could ever work in happy ministrations to the weak, the wounded, or to those who had fallen weary by the way; only the shades of anger and contempt and despair would move uneasily among the throng, spurning to yet more sombre depths of sorrow the souls already forsaken and forlorn. The thousand blooms of spring would put forth their pure petals and their delicate colours in vain for eyes that viewed them indifferently; the luxuriant summer would spend its fragrance and its balm for naught; autumn harvests would be garnered without joy, and through the dearth and silence of winter would shine no fore-running gleam to tell of the new birth close at hand. No strange delight would thrill its dawns, and from its sunsets the dream would be withheld; even the stars, ranging in the dusk for their nightly march across the sky, could flash no bright message to it. And at the end, when having forgotten love, and with faith and hope deflowered, its puny company travelled into eternity, one tremendous question would ring its knell of dismay—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

It is quite in accordance with his plan that St. Paul should allot less space to the subject of hope than he does to those of faith and charity. Hope is a recurrent state of the soul for which man is irresponsible; it "springs eternal in the human breast," is born of the least things—a word, a glance, a touch, will call it into radiant being. It dies very hardly; indeed, it may be said to be imperishable while life lasts—a statement so widely admitted that it has passed into proverbial form. For if a man is absolutely destitute of hope the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the sun and stars are darkened; he is to all intent and purpose dead already, soul-dead, and often he will hurry his body out of existence as the last desperate measure he can take to render himself in harmony with a universe which seems to him hopeless. The life of man is one long fugue on the theme of hope, often overcome by discords apparently without resolution, often modulating into strange keys, surprising by mutinous, inexplicable phrases, sometimes faltering to a whisper of fugitive music, but always held and braced to coherence by the theme, although it may be that frequently only the skilled musician can trace that theme at all. Truly says the apostle "we are saved by hope," for lacking it, we die.

Here appears, then, the line of demarcation between hope and the other two transcendent attributes. We may live without faith, or without love; they are acts, not states; we can deliberately despoil our souls of

them and still possess happiness enough to render life worth the living—a blind, starved, ghostly sort of happiness it is at best, the mere vague reflection of the sun-ray from base metal, dull and without beauty or warmth, but sufficient to save the body from destruction—not the soul. For the saving of the city of Mansoul there must be the faith which “subdued kingdoms, stopped the mouths of lions,” and the love which “suffereth long, and is kind”; for the saving of the soul, that is, in hourly freedom from evil thoughts, conceptions, and desires, the preserving it from taint of contact with things inimical to its purity, things perilous to its sacred, inborn passion for God. So sure is the apostle of this that time after time his magnificent declamations sound in our ears; he can hardly forsake this great subject of man’s correspondence with the divine through faith and love. “Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal,” he says; and with this verse he leads up to the more comprehensive exposition, where he designates for all time the place of love in this trilogy of indispensable things: “And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing; and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.” The thought is bound to occur that few present-day experiences can in any manner approach this fervent outpouring of belief. A long way in front of St. Paul are we in art, in science, in education, in all that goes to make our secular sphere habitable and pleasant; a long way behind him in our hold on these “things unseen” which were to him so intensely real, so supremely dear, so tightly bound like three golden threads into the very texture of his life. We are proud of our accomplishments, our tenacity, our money: “charity envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up”; we drive hard bargains at every opportunity, and spread sails to every little breeze of scandal: charity “doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil”; we are irritable and nervous: charity “beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.” But St. Paul, gentle even in his exhortation, true for all the imperfect centuries that were to come as he was for his own “beloved,” the Corinthian citizens of that day, wrote unerringly and keenly his final summing-up of the whole matter:

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

REVIEWS

SIR REDVERS BULLER

Sir Redvers Buller. By LEWIS BUTLER. (Smith, Elder & Co., 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the life of a very remarkable man, who almost reached greatness. It is written with great devotion, as most biographies should be written, and Captain Lewis Butler carries us through his work (which is only 115 pages long) very easily, and although an enthusiast for his hero he tells the tale of his life with much discretion and reserve. Sir Redvers Buller was one of the best-known and most discussed men in the British Army—and that means in England, for the Army has roots which reach far. With his great physique and dominant personality, he was always a

factor in the society in which he lived, and he early impressed the man in the ranks so vividly that he was nearly as well known in farm and cottage, especially in his own county, Devon, as he was among those of his own class. Redvers Henry Buller was the son of a Devonshire squire, M.P. for a division of the county, who owned the Manor of Downes, and was born on 7th December, 1839. His independence and forcefulness early developed themselves. He went first to Harrow, but proved too difficult for masters of the great school on the hill and was transferred to Eton. Captain Butler thinks that a difficult boy was more humanly handled at Eton in those days. Anyhow, Buller ran the usual course there until he was gazetted to the 60th Rifles. At Eton he was for a time the fag of a boy of greatest distinction, the Reverend Edmond Warre, lately Headmaster of the College. And so a career began which certainly lost nothing from its cradling and training. Downes, Eton and the 60th Rifles are a good start to any boy. The green brigade based on Winchester are the very purple of the British Army. Few regiments turn out so many good officers. In that brigade men of promise seldom miss their way. We are told that from the outset Buller proclaimed his independence, for he dined at mess the first night in his travelling suit. We are not told whether the subalterns imposed any penalty for that independence after dinner.

In India and China the early days were spent, but it seems that character did not really begin to take shape until Buller joined a battalion in Canada. There a strong man found natural interests and obstacles worthy of his steel. He became an expert woodsman and boatsman; the rudiments of his river lore had been learnt at Eton and developed themselves in Canada. He came there, too, under the command of Colonel Hawley, a very practical soldier, with the traditions of Craufurd’s Light Division (of Peninsular days) strong in him. He first offered Buller regimental advancement, an acting adjutancy. The young soldier replied, “But I don’t know anything about soldiering. I know something of woodcraft.” Hawley told him it was quite time that he should take to soldiering and that he would teach him. And so Buller became a serious soldier. Soon after he got his company the Red River Expedition took place, the first of Lord Wolseley’s successes, and here Buller’s physical strength, waterman’s skill and handiness brought him first prominently forward. He could navigate his boat better than a Canadian voyageur, and carried his men along by his vigorous personality. Wolseley recommended him for a brevet-majority, but as there had been no fighting promotion was given to his seniors.

The Ashantee Expedition of 1874 first gave him real prominence. He was Intelligence Officer to Sir Garnet Wolseley and seems to have very early mastered the folk-lore and fetishes of the wild pagans of West Africa, besides showing conspicuous gallantry. This time he was amply rewarded with a brevet-majority and a C.B. It is good to go on active service after a prolonged period of peace.

The war in South Africa—in the Transkei in 1878—found him on service again, and he raised and organised the Frontier Light Horse—a very heterogeneous collection of waifs and strays, surfboat-men, farmers, engine-room hands, and all that can be found along the coasts and inland towns of South Africa. Buller brought this corps from King William’s Town through Natal to the northern border of Zululand in time for the war which ensued in 1879. No man rendered more signal service during the Zulu war than did the hero of this book. At Inhlobana Mountain, on the eve of Sir Evelyn Wood’s brilliant victory at Kambula, he won the Victoria Cross over

and over again. At and after Kambula he was hardly less prominent and at the final battle of Ulundi his services were very brilliant. The Brevet-Major who landed in the Cape early in 1878 became a Colonel and A.D.C. to Queen Victoria at the end of 1879. In 1882 the campaign against Arabi Pasha, which put Khedive Mohamed Tewfeek firmly on his throne after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, saw Buller Chief Intelligence Officer, and two years later, at Teb and Tamai in the Suakin country, his services were pre-eminent. But perhaps Buller's finest feat of arms was the withdrawal of the desert column from Metemmeh after the death of that heroic son of Winchester, Herbert Stewart. And then followed 14 years of peace. Redvers Buller was in turn Deputy Adjutant-General, Quartermaster-General, and Adjutant-General. His powers of administration were exceptionally high. He called into existence the Army Service Corps, for the supply and transport work of the Army, and so did yeoman's service, and he greatly modernised the tactics of the Army. The mistake of Buller's life was made in 1893 when he was offered and refused the post of Commander-in-Chief of India. Had he then gone to new fields we do not think that he would have been superseded by Lord Roberts in 1900 in South Africa. He had been long enough in the office chair and it was time to be in the saddle again. In 1895 a great act of self-abnegation was practised by Sir Redvers. The time had come for H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge to retire from the post of Commander-in-Chief. The Liberal Government of the day would not give the post to Lord Wolseley, but offered it to Buller, who actually refused it. He gave evidence of a really fine spirit of chivalry and fairness. Lord Wolseley had done more to make Buller's career than any other man. He felt that Wolseley was the right man for Commander-in-Chief and so refused the great office himself. The Queen said to him, "You have refused to be Commander-in-Chief. You have made one." From Adjutant-General Buller went to Aldershot and contributed much to the development of that soldiers' school. The author alludes to manoeuvres on a large scale held in 1898, where Buller discovered the qualities of Sir John (then Colonel) French as a cavalry leader. This is a little bit pathetic, for Sir Redvers discovered something else on those manoeuvres (not mentioned by Captain Butler). He discovered a vastly superior tactician to himself in H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught (on that occasion at least), who was pitted against him.

Then comes the South African War of 1899 to 1902. The story of it all is very fresh on our minds. Captain Butler holds his brief strongly for his hero. But it is rather pathetic reading. His very defeats are extolled as instances of Buller's individual qualities. No one will deny the magnitude of the task with which he was confronted when he reached Capetown. His plan of campaign, approved at home, was to conduct a punitive expedition through the Orange Free State to Pretoria. But, alas! northern Natal was already invaded and Sir George White was hard held and soon was beleaguered. The whole tale of that struggle to reach Ladysmith is told at not too great length, until finally, after five attempts, Hlangwane Hill was taken and a passage effected, covered by the fire from the hill. But on the day of the first battle at Colenso Sir Redvers was implored to make Hlangwane the pivot of his attack. He declared it was on the opposite side of the river. But the Imperial Light Horse had it almost in their grasp (with the Fusilier Brigade standing unengaged not far off) when they at last had to retire from their attack. The resolution (or want of it) which decided on the abandonment of Colonel Long's guns is held up almost to admiration as one which no British general had dared to face for

a hundred years, and the summing up by the German General Staff on the Colenso operations is ignored but not denied. The German Staff view was this: "That most gallant British Army of Colenso was never defeated. One man only was defeated—the General in command." All through this history of those sad days we read of a most fatherly care for the lives, and comfort even, of his men. The Army was wonderfully supplied and the medical arrangements were nearly perfect. We hear of the men going whistling back to their good food after defeat, and we hear the failure to pursue after the relief of Ladysmith (generally considered criminal) again defended so as to feed the hungry garrison. It may be said, in fact, that Buller's conduct of those operations were administratively free from fault—he only failed to beat his enemy. His over-anxiety for the lives of his men, which he evinced so often, gives some credence to a story well known. When he was chosen to command in South Africa a very gallant general who was his senior in rank offered to serve as his second in command. When pressed for his reasons he said, "Under Buller's somewhat rough exterior there beats an over-tender heart. He will never stand seeing his men killed. He will want an old friend to stiffen him up."

Many of us were surprised to see Buller sent back to the command of Aldershot when he returned from the war. But all will share the author's indignation at his summary removal from that command by a War Minister who was singularly unfortunate whenever he placed his unaccustomed hand on a point of discipline. A pedagogue makes a bad War Minister. His removal to the India Office did not find him any happier, and infinite harm was done by his publication of the Curzon-Kitchener correspondence.

The excellent taste in which "Redvers Buller" has been written should ensure it a wide publication. It will convince nobody. But then, most opinions are quite unassailable as to the question of Buller's conduct of the campaign ending in the relief of Ladysmith. One side, and probably the majority, strongly condemn it in most of its details. The other thinks, with Captain Lewis Butler, that their hero could do but little wrong. All will read with pleasure the record of his earlier triumphs.

"FAITH WITHOUT WORKS"

The Faith and Works of Christian Science. By the Writer of *Confessio Medici*. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.)

It is impossible to read this searching indictment of a form of fanaticism which has unfortunately obtained standing-room in our midst without a feeling of profound sadness. Emanating from the irresponsible brain of a woman who claimed to have the power to raise the dead, who presumptuously set herself on a level with the Divine, and who scribbled such a heterogeneous jumble of pseudo-metaphysical and pseudo-religious rubbish that it is charitable to suppose she was insane, this curious creed has gathered to itself many thousands of adherents, wealth, and a measure of influence which is astonishing, and while at the first glance there is a good deal of humour in the records of "healings," there is depression in the knowledge that people of education and respectability can be found willing to subscribe to the tenets of "Christian Science," and indignation at that wicked neglect on their part of mortal disease of which we find an occasional glimpse in the daily papers. The audacity of the "Scientists" is sublime, and, as the author remarks with admirable taste, "What concerns us is the parody, by Christian Science, of the Christian

Faith." Its supporters deny nearly all accepted opinions and proven facts, even deriding the fundamental laws of sex:

In 1875 she (Mrs. Eddy) said: "Spirit instead of matter will be made the basis of generation. Matrimony must lose its present slippery footing and find permanence in a more spiritual adherence." In 1888 she said that marriage will come to an end when people have learned that "generation rests on no sexual basis."

One or two quotations from the text-book of this extraordinary woman will amplify the point of view assumed; but it is only fair to note that some of the "followers" refuse to go the whole way with their leader:

Bones have only the substance of thought which formed them. They are only phenomena of the mind of mortals. . . . Sickness has been fought for centuries by doctors using material remedies; but the question arises is there less sickness because of these practitioners? A vigorous "No" is the response deducible from two connate facts—the reputed longevity of the Antediluvians and the rapid multiplication and increased violence of diseases since the Flood. . . . The hosts of Æsculapius are flooding the world with diseases, because they are ignorant that the human mind and body are one. Obedience to the so-called laws of physical health has not checked sickness. . . . You say a boil is painful; but that is impossible, for matter without mind is not painful. . . . Man is indestructible and eternal. Some time it will be learned that mortal mind constructs the mortal body, and with its own materials. Hence no breakage nor dislocation can really occur. You say that accidents, injuries, and disease kill man; but this is not true. . . . A little girl, who had occasionally listened to my explanations, wounded her finger badly. She seemed not to notice it. On being questioned about it she answered ingenuously, "There is no sensation in matter."

We should like to have had three minutes alone with that little girl. And it would be interesting, in view of the above dogmas, to observe their author's behaviour immediately in front of a motor-omnibus, shall we say, charging down Piccadilly. "Outside of this Science," she says again, "all is unstable error. . . . I was only a scribe echoing the harmonies of heaven in divine metaphysics." But in another place she makes the most damaging admission that "No intellectual proficiency is requisite in the learner."

A large amount of the huge volume wherein these doctrines are expounded is composed of meaningless combinations of impressive-looking words. What can pedant or board-school boy make of this, for instance: "The divine metaphysics of Christian Science, like the method in mathematics, proves the rule by inversion. For example, there is no pain in Truth, and no truth in pain; no nerve in Mind, and no mind in nerve; no matter in Life, and no life in matter; no matter in good, and no good in matter." Or again: "Mind is substance. The earth's orbit, and the imaginary line called the Equator, are not substance. Divest yourself of the thought that there can be substance in matter, and then the movements and transitions now possible for mortal mind will be found to be equally possible for mortal body. Then being will be recognised as spiritual, and death will be obsolete." The author of the book under review has made the neat point with regard to the fascination of this sort of futility that "We all of us love a bit of philosophy." There is a certain type of temperament to which anything a trifle abstruse or factitiously obscure appeals almost irresistibly, especially when religious or mystical matters are in question.

In his opening chapter the writer reasons in a manner which may bring a smile, but which is genuine and serious withal. "There is comfort for all of us," he says, "in mathematics, more comfort than we can see at first sight. The propositions of Euclid, and the

multiplication table, seem so far from any kind of religious fervour. Yet, as surely as the heavens are telling the glory of God, and the firmament showing His handiwork, so two and two, making four, and the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle, being equal, are eloquent of Him." This is an absolutely true and a perfectly defensible analogy in pursuit of his argument for simple reason. Until we reach a higher plane of development than that which we at present enjoy we must live by the steady light of common-sense, not by the inconsequent flare of wandering fires; and common-sense indicates that broken limbs are not set, cancer is not cured, wounds are not healed, by prayer and faith alone. Far be it from us to scorn the aid of—even the necessity for—prayer and faith, but the cool, clever hands of the surgeon, the keen eyes and fine diagnosis of the physician, are among those splendid "works" without which faith is dead and prayer is nullified.

Two hundred instances are given of "cures" effected by "Christian Science," and the author has spared no pains with his analysis of their rationality. We alluded to a certain humorous aspect—superficial, of course—in this list; here is one instance outside it:

The *Daily Telegraph*, August 31, 1907, quotes a story from a Christian Science publication of a little girl who read "Science and Health" to a lame sparrow till it flew away. . . . Miss Feilding gives a long account of a London lady who, when the curtains of a mantel-shelf caught fire, treated them by thought, while somebody else quenched them with wet cloths. . . . Mrs. Eddy herself says that she has made an apple tree blossom before its time—"brought out one apple blossom on an apple tree in January when the ground was covered with snow."

We presume the early primrose and the belated swallow are "precipitated" from some concentrated "thought" on the part of an experimentalist. Let us look at case 117 in the list itself for its touch of delightful, unconscious comicality:

117. Mr. E. "I woke up one morning with a pain so severe that it frightened me." Was put to sleep in half an hour by the reading aloud of *Science and Health*. Later "a most serious nervous disease which had grown no better for seven years left me entirely." Later, on a steamer, was not seasick. "I had never been sea-sick before, but when everyone around me began to be ill I was very much afraid I should be too."

Very many of the testimonies are just as worthless and vague, if not so funny. Stripped of extraneous detail by the calm examination of the indefatigable author—who wrote personally to many cases—the "cures" of serious diseases are in every example shown to be not proved. Numerous patients were illiterate; and even educated sufferers cannot define their own ailments precisely, as every doctor is aware—they perjure themselves "not wilfully, but from sheer inability to be accurate." "What is the good," says the writer pertinently, "of proclaiming that Christian Science heals diseases which get well of themselves? Time heals them. Here is a girl with a cold in her head: she is healed 'through the realisation of the omnipresence of Love.' Was there ever such an insult offered to the name of Love?"

It must not be imagined that the author is obstinately blind to the other side of the question. He admits most fairly the feasibility of Christian Science—i.e., mental treatment by suggestion (which every cheery doctor uses effectively on each visit to an impressionable patient) in hysterical cases and in some merely functional disorders; but when organic disease is present common-sense must step in:

When Christian Science says that accidents are unknown to God Common-sense answers that, anyhow, they are not unknown to us. When she says that germs exist only in mortal

mind Common-sense offers to inoculate any Christian Scientist with anthrax or tetanus. . . . It comes to this, that she is an old offender. Common-sense has convicted her a dozen times, and is tired of seeing her name on the charge-list. Always she appeals against her sentence; carries her case into the High Court of Medicine, Religion, and Philosophy; conducts it herself, a most wearisome orator, before the Supreme Court of Absolute Reality. Always the decision of Common-sense is upheld, and she has to pay the costs of the appeal.

The writer acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Lyman Powell's more comprehensive work on the same subject, but it is pleasant to be able to say that he has carried out his own lengthy task with originality, energy and daring. His determination on the one hand not to mince matters, and on the other hand to be equitable, even when considering the dangerous and scandalous methods of treatment reported to be in use for serious afflictions, is worthy of great praise, and we recommend any reader who is curious or hesitant as to the status that "Christian Science" creeds should occupy in a normal mind to invest in this excellent book. It is a concise exposition of the state of affairs, and ought to do much good in a direction where good is sadly needed.

WILL-POWER

The Education of the Will. By T. SHARPER KNOWLSON. (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

THE credulity for which our curious modern system of education is partly responsible is well illustrated by the floods of books and pamphlets dealing in psychological jargon with aspects of business, health, or conduct which pour from the Press. They sell in thousands, and the trail of the American is over them all. Their blatant catch-penny titles often proclaim their quality—"Every Man a King," "Dollars Want Me," "Have You a Strong Will?" "Success is For You," are a few taken at random, and we have had the pleasure of indicating the worthlessness of one or two of them in these columns. "I am writing this book," says the author of one of the most popular of the above manuals, "for the sole purpose of dragging you, or, rather, making you drag yourself, up from the dead level." Of course, he is doing nothing of the sort; he is putting into practice, with admirable astuteness, his knowledge of man's gullibility, and writing the book for the sole purpose of seizing the propitious moment and selling by huge editions.

We opened Mr. Sharper Knowlson's treatise with some little uncertainty as to which side of the fence the author had chosen for his position, for the title, in conjunction with his name, seemed to bear more than a hint that he had joined the crowd of charlatans whose efforts may not do much harm (since they are assuredly optimists of brilliant hue), but whose clamour engenders no small irritation. It is, therefore, pleasant to record that he steers along a fairly central and judiciously-selected line—that, while he emphasises legitimately the fact that a great deal of good can be accomplished by circumspect training of the will-power in cases where it is weak by nature or has been undermined by excess, he does not imitate the outrageous assertions of the "New Thought" fanatics. We may not all rise to such summits of self-control as Pascal, who determined to solve an intricate mathematical problem when tortured by an excruciating toothache, and of whom it is said that the pain disappeared "because his attention was concentrated upon another train of thought," but a certain degree of mental improvement is at everyone's disposal. Mr. Knowlson has arranged his ideas on the subject in a confessedly popular style, and has drawn sufficiently from the works of famous psychologists in

illustrations and extracts to substantiate his conclusions and render them interesting. It does not strike us, however, that his book was particularly needed; we seem to have seen in other volumes at various times so much that is similar. The author proceeds on the well-known lines that assertion and confidence in the truth of our assertions will help us over the numberless stiles of life, whether the difficulty be insomnia, stage-fright, dipsomania, or literary sterility, and in the appendix he gives a series of formulæ to be repeated aloud in case of need which really cannot be read without laughing—a contingency, by the way, that Mr. Knowlson genially admits. The power of auto-suggestion is emphasised all through these pages. For example:

The man who feels he cannot pass a public-house without an irresistible temptation to enter and drink to excess must tell himself that he *can*, and proceed to walk past the place of temptation; a student who is conscious of a strong inclination to shirk an important duty, the result of which negligence will cost him dear, as he well knows, is to say he can resist the inclination, and at once proceed to perform the allotted task; a city man who tries to assure himself that grave responsibilities devolving upon him do not exist should admit they do exist and go out boldly to meet them; the ailing individual should not act as if he were ailing, and the man apparently suffering defeat should maintain the spirit of a conqueror.

This sounds very plausible, but if we have incipient influenza and face the east winds the science of self-control, or any other science save that of self-preservation, will cease to interest us in a very short time; while to maintain the spirit of a conqueror when being trodden upon is a kind of mental gymnastics possible to few. The author is in error when he states that "imagination and will can cure certain fundamental disorders," and adds that this "has been proved without a doubt"; he here confuses "functional" with "fundamental." He is right, if not definitely useful, when he encourages all sufferers from whatever form of debility to "try, try again"; in this heartening programme of his he is so persistent that he reminds us of Miss Tox with Mrs. Dombey in his unremitting desire that his readers should "make an effort." We are afraid, however, that any attempt at "popular" psychology is bound to be abortive; the people who will read this volume and understand it are those who will hardly need to put in practice its directions; they will probably be sane, healthy, normal persons, whose powers of self-control are equal to dealing with most of life's little emergencies, and whose instincts in a mental crisis would send them to the family physician.

THE CONTROVERSY OF ZION

The City of Jerusalem. By COLONEL C. R. CONDER, LL.D., R.E. (Murray, 12s. net cash.)

THE author's family offers an example of the persistency of particular tastes in many members through several generations. The name of Conder until quite recently was best known for a highly intelligent love of travels, undertaken chiefly for the sake of art criticism or archaeological research. The first of these objectives is remarkable, because the family was early associated with a rigidly Evangelical Protestantism, iconoclastic in sentiment. Fortunately for the literature of travel, the exclusion of ornament from the service of religion did not involve in the family mind any shyness in studying its secular history. It might have done so, if the earlier writers in the family could have foreseen that the cultivation of the taste for art would eventually produce so exotic a flower as the quite mundane art of its most creative son, the artist Charles Conder. Colonel Conder is too good an antiquary to allow religious conviction to interfere with the accu-

racy of his reports, but he shows in his historical references a family sympathy, such as is legitimate in a historian, with the masters of Jerusalem, in proportion as their successive religions were least discordant with Puritanic sentiment. He shows this sentiment quite plainly, though not at all offensively, and it is curious that so much of his energy should have been spent on researches in a city almost as much transformed by the triumphs of one standard of taste in religious art over another, as by the ravages of time and war.

Colonel Conder tells us in his brief preface that he has set himself a task, which surely no one could perform. He attempts to epitomise in some three hundred pages the topographical history of a city constantly inhabited for forty centuries, in accordance with the results of recent investigations, which have themselves created quite a large body of literature. To this he has, of course, contributed personal and often perilous exploration and a large number of learned writings. It must be remembered that some twenty antagonistic races have ruled in Jerusalem, ranging from Hittites and Jebusites of the age of Melchisedek to Ottoman Turks of the present day, and have adapted its natural conditions to their peculiar requirements. It will not then be surprising if Colonel Conder writes quite appropriately of "precipices traceable, in places"; and of Sir Charles Warren as having "discovered" an ancient valley, in an inhabited city. Accumulations of rubbish which have raised the natural surface forty, eighty or ninety feet do not need special remark, they are so common, and much Herodian masonry has completely disappeared, which remains in other parts of the city show, must have been of gigantic proportions and construction. The site of Jerusalem seems to have fulfilled the prophecy: "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low." If Colonel Conder had a much stronger faculty than he actually possesses, for presenting buried topography to the eye in words, it would be impossible for him to give a succession of clear ideas of Jerusalem, on account of its complete and frequent transformations. The only way to obtain such ideas would be to stand with him on the spot, and refer to a series of double maps drawn according to the discoveries which he has assisted in making. The value and interest of this book lies rather in Colonel Conder's descriptions of particular constructions, and in his historical allusions. He wastes little space in circumlocution, and consequently manages to include a great amount of interesting matter, which can only be noticed here and there.

The inquisitive reader cannot entirely dispense with the learned and expensive books mentioned by Colonel Conder and included in his bibliography, nor indeed with the author's own previous works, for he sometimes forgets to explain himself sufficiently. When he quotes several letters from the Amorite King of Jerusalem to the Pharaoh of his period (the fifteenth century before Christ), derived from the Tell Amarna Tablets, the inquisitive reader expects to learn more about the provenance of the tablets themselves, since Colonel Conder has written a book on them; but he is disappointed. It is a satisfaction to light on any traditions established by exploration, and the imaginative reader will be glad that the traditional site of the Holy of Holies, accepted by Jews, Christians and Moslems alike, is corroborated. The Sakhrah rock has been identified with the "Stone of Foundation" still visible in the time of Herod within the Holy of Holies, and with the *lapis pertusus*, described by the Bordeaux Pilgrim of the fourth Christian century as the place where the Jews of his period were accustomed to wail over the departed glories of their race. The rock is pierced by a shaft communicating with a cave below, which has every sign of having been excavated for a

granary in connection with a threshing floor, in fact with "the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite." In the same chapter, "On the Hebrew Kings," Colonel Conder describes the tunnel of the earlier Pool of Siloam (another place familiar to readers of the Bible), which was excavated during the reign of Hezekiah. Colonel Conder himself explored the tunnel, and was the first to take an impression of the celebrated inscription on its walls. Of this he gives a reproduction. In the chapter "On Ezra and Nehemiah" he gives one admirable clue to the puzzling question of topography, pointing out that the main streets of the city are identical in direction, certainly since the rebuilding of the city by Hadrian in 135 A.D., and probably since its rebuilding by Nehemiah in 433 B.C. This would be a great help to the elucidation of the six plans, of different periods, which Colonel Conder provides, if they could only be placed one above the other.

In noticing, concerning the Greek Age, how early Greek ideas and Greek architecture dominated even Hebrew priests, he is characteristically careful to reiterate a previous warning, remarking that Hyrcanus, like Solomon before him, broke the Mosaic law by representing lions in his palace; for he considers that such adornment "in all times, was the sure sign of superstition creeping in." He, of course, notices the coinage of Simon Maccabaeus, one of the rare remains of this period, but he does not express the disapproval, which might be expected from him, of the sacerdotal monarchy established by the Maccabees. He chronicles without reserve the fact that very few of those patriots escaped assassination by their own countrymen, which alone discounts the accuracy of Tacitus's single sentence in praise of the Jewish race: "Among themselves there is an unalterable fidelity and kindness always ready at hand." In fact, Colonel Conder shows no disposition to conceal the savagery and treachery which characterise the race side by side with the most heroic virtues. He again shows his historical sense, in recognising duly the administrative ability of Herod the Great, and his benefactions to the city by the grandeur and extent of his building operations. His description of the magnificent masonry, composed of dressed stones twenty feet long and in some courses six feet high, still to be seen in the great outer wall of the Haram enclosure and in "David's Tower," gives a good idea of the magnitude of Herod's works. An illustration of the different methods of building to be found in Palestine is a useful addition to this and similar descriptions.

In writing of the Gospel sites, Colonel Conder cannot resist making the now familiar observation concerning the early Christians' absorption in spiritual ideas (or, in other words, in Evangelical Protestantism), and their consequent disregard of the scenes and accompaniments of Christ's life. "The first Christians," he says, "turned their eyes up to heaven, not down to the earth. They thought of the return of their Master, not of the Way of Sorrow, the Place of the Skull, or the empty tomb." Colonel Conder writes with his usual moderation, but such observations are made to point to the supposed superiority of the many and various "pure" forms of Christianity over those forms which such writers term "superstitious." With this view always before them, they miss the significance of facts. Persons who valued so highly objects which had merely touched the body of Paul, and the mere shadow cast by Peter, are wholly unlikely to have disregarded places and objects closely associated with the Body of Christ Himself. Moreover, they believed that such curative power, spiritual and physical, as was exercised through such apostolic objects, was also exercised by reason of the descent of the Holy Ghost through the whole body of the faithful collectively, and in many cases individually. They also

realised that the local importance of the events which took place in Jerusalem was merged in their universal importance. Otherwise the local church of Jerusalem would have remained to die on those sites, rather than have carried with it to Pella the powers with which it was itself endowed. In this connection the "transference of the Holy Places" by Popes, to which Colonel Conder merely alludes, is made a cause of reproach by other writers, as if they supposed that the power "to remove mountains" resided entirely in the mountains themselves.

One common error may be mentioned, which can only be regarded as a slip of the pen of so learned a writer as Colonel Conder. James the Great is, of course, the son of Zebedee, beheaded by Herod Agrippa in the year 44, and not James the "brother of Jesus who was called Christ," martyred in the year 62, who should be called "James the Less" in Colonel Conder's allusion to his martyrdom. A more serious mistake is in a note on page 210, in which Colonel Conder states directly: "Cyril [of Jerusalem] was a semi-Arian." The early semi-arianism of Cyril is exceedingly doubtful, his later orthodoxy is certain.

Colonel Conder's testimony must be noticed on a much-debated question of authority: the credibility of Josephus. He entirely acquits him of any deliberate misrepresentation of facts in order to flatter the Romans, and after a very careful examination of the sites which he describes, pronounces him to have been honest and well informed. The custom of the following period, that between the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus and its rebuilding by Hadrian, for Jews and Hebrew Christians to take their dead to be interred at or near Jerusalem, suggests the origin of later pilgrimages. A supposed road to the Cross was traced still later, when Christians had no longer to follow their own *via dolorosa* to their own calvaries. Colonel Conder gives full credit to the sincerity of Macarius, the Bishop of Jerusalem who discovered the Holy Sepulchre which is still venerated, though he denies its genuineness. He is very likely quite sound in his objections, but he does not sufficiently explain the necessity of one of the grounds for his conclusion, namely, why the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea must have been of Greco-Hebrew construction, and could not have been of Romano-Hebrew. His later chapters dealing with the city under Byzantines, Persians, Arabs, Turks and Latins are equally interesting with those concerning Scriptural history and the early period of the Christian Church, but they cover periods and events less familiar to the majority of general readers. One of the chapters, that on the Latin Kingdom, should entice to the study of Colonel Conder's book upon the subject.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Tears of Desire. By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN. (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

THE novels of these two indefatigable collaborators are nothing if not exciting—exciting, we would interpolate, to those who possess a taste for this particular class of fiction. Given two beautiful women living together, who are cousins bearing the same Christian and surnames, and a man in love with one of them who has not declared his passion, and possibilities begin to dawn. The man is abroad; he writes beseeching Eleanor Challis to come out and marry him at once; Eleanor Challis—the wrong one—wires accepting—and there you are! The scene of meeting at Naples, the despair and silence of the man, the arrival of the other Eleanor (with her flaming hair and baleful eyes and wicked fascinations, *bien entendu*) to compli-

cate matters, the marriage, and the "situations" which fly to the pen of the popular novelist—all are here, and the tangle proceeds to tighten and then to unravel in the time-honoured way. Frankly, it is impossible seriously to criticise this sort of story. The errors are the usual ones of stereotyped phrases, some bad spelling—"omniverous" and "assinine"; twelve lines on page 70 are repeated word for word on page 120, and so on. The strong, clean-shaven face is here; sudden pallors, smothered cries, fierce hungers, scorching breaths, trembling hands, and damp foreheads sprinkle the pages as per the regulations. But we can in fairness say that in execution and plot the book is an improvement on the last one from the same authors that we noticed in these columns.

Davina. By FRANCES G. BURMESTER. (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.)

THE most accustomed novel-reader will hardly care to be interrupted in the perusal of this excellent story, but the thought will perhaps occur to him or her, as it does in some stage-plays, how much misery and desperate complication would have been avoided had two or three of the characters met for five minutes' straight talking in the shadow of a critical *impasse*. However, the book has to be written, so that solution of the ghostly difficulties would never do, and, of course, it does occur in real life that for want of a word in season happiness is marred for years, so we must register our remark as a mere comment and not as a grumble. For as a matter of fact the story of queer Davina, half school-girl, half woman, is cleverly told, and, although other people have more to do with the actual motion of the plot, she appears time after time with her pungent aspersions on affairs in general, and we find ourselves liking her at the last. In the beginning, it must be admitted, her queeriness was against our appreciation of her fine character. The study of Bertha, the woman whom Joe Lawson marries under the impression that he has caused her deafness by an accidental blow, is acute, and the account of the deceptions which mutually ensue forms by far the most important portion of the tale. We cannot spare space to outline the theme, but will simply add that we do not think our readers will be disappointed with Miss Burmester's latest novel.

Elisabeth Davenay. By CLAIRE DE PRATZ. (Mills and Boon, 6s.)

THE character of Elisabeth Davenay is not one which will make a very strong appeal to a large circle of readers. She was as much English as she was French, and a woman of "advanced" ideas with regard to her compatriots' position in the scheme of civilisation; it must be recorded, however, to her credit, that she would never have joined the purple and green alliance had she lived in this country, nor would she have considered the *féministe* cause aided by the distribution of handbills from rockets, the blowing of trumpets, the annoyance of legislators, or other farcical demonstrations of irresponsibility. Her method was far wiser. She kept her attractiveness, her womanliness, her fascination; she dressed well, talked well, found favour in the eyes of men, and allowed them to visit her rooms and argue point by point the situation, with no ulterior motive. So, making many friends and a few enemies, she had no dreams of love, she set passions, home, and all the possibilities of maternity wilfully beyond her horizon, and went straight ahead in her career until the call of politics became so urgent that she had to resign her professorship of English at the *Lycée* and assist in the launching of a paper devoted to the emancipation of women. Then, of course, comes love, and the discovery that, after all, she is but as others of her sex, importunate for the

wonder of life when her soul descried its mate, tranquil, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," when her lover's arms are round her. The clash of her ideals with the reality shocks her into a state bordering on despair. The finish of the struggle is an unnatural one. We quote from her farewell letter to André Nortier, the man who has won her heart:

Therefore I renounce love, dear one, and though I cannot be sure that I shall always care for you thus I am at least sure that no other human love can now enter my heart. I have given to you the entirety of my emotions, but I must work out my life-problems alone. If I linked my future with yours I should hinder you too, as you would hinder me because love would mean more to us both than action. I go to work for my sisters in England; you, too, must work here for the freeing of your fellow-men. We shall both be serving the same great ideal, for nations have no barriers when all men love the cult of humanity. Good-bye, dear love, make those around you happy, and live your own life as far as it lies in your power.

Thus we are left with no final solution to this problem, and the curtain falls while yet the play is proceeding. It seems as though the author shirked a little the wrenching of Elisabeth from the ardent pursuit of freedom, or else that she tacitly acknowledges that there is no satisfactory way out when this difficulty presents itself but that of surrender to the claims of love and motherhood. For, clearly, Elisabeth is unhappy, and, having once seen the heavens opened, her work will not fill every need of her life.

In spite of lengthy dialogues introduced from time to time in scenes which bear more than a suspicion of having been "arranged" in order that certain characters may air their views, the story is not dull, nor does it strike us as having been written in deliberate advocacy of the *féministe* cause. If it has been so intended, the ending stultifies it, for few girls will care to emulate Elisabeth's Spartan code of philosophy. As a study of Parisian life among these enthusiastic souls, and as an exposition of their points of view, the whole book is admirable, and it accomplishes the delicate task of being outspoken on matters of sex without ever transgressing the boundary of good taste. Elisabeth and her experiences, being the pivot of the whole movement, naturally monopolise considerable attention, but the motives and ideas of her friends give them individuality and are successful in holding the interest when the reader might feel inclined to be a trifle impatient with the heroine and her theories. The book is very fine in its character-study of the girl, and is distinctly one to be read by thoughtful persons; one, also, which will possibly enlighten them on some exigent questions.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

ABSTRACT OF THE PROCEEDINGS, MAY 11TH, 1909.

PROFESSOR E. A. MINCHIN, M.A., Vice-President, in the Chair.

Mr. R. H. Burne, M.A., F.Z.S., exhibited a series of specimens, from the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, of adaptive structures for the respiration of air in some Aquatic Invertebrates and tropical Freshwater Fishes.

Mr. R. I. Pocock, F.L.S., F.Z.S., the Superintendent of the Gardens, exhibited the skin of a monkey representing a new subspecies of *Cercopithecus*, brought by Captain Boyd Alexander, F.Z.S., from Lake Chad. This he proposed to name *C. tantalus alexandri*, separating it from the typical *C. tantalus* from Nigeria because the whiskers were very long and almost wholly white, a character in which it approached the Abyssinian species *C. aethiops*.

Mr. W. F. H. Rosenberg, F.Z.S., exhibited a rook in which the upper mandible had overgrown the lower to a remarkable extent. This abnormality was evidently caused by an injury to the tip of the lower mandible having deprived the upper one of the opposing surface necessary to check its growth.

Professor William Ridgeway, M.A., read the following papers, communicated by the Secretary, entitled: (a) "On hitherto unrecorded Specimens of *Equus quagga*"; (b) "Differentiation of the Three Species of Zebras"; (c) "On a Portion of a Fossil Jaw of one of the Equidae"; and illustrated his remarks with a series of lantern-slides.

Mr. R. Lydekker described a female deer skin obtained by Captain Malcolm McNeil from Sze-chuen, which he regarded as representing a race of the Hangul distinguished by its very pale colouring; for this the name *Cervus cashmirianus macneili* was suggested.

Mr. E. C. Chubb, F.Z.S., presented a paper on "The Batrachians and Reptiles of Matabeleland," based upon specimens in the Rhodesia Museum, Bulawayo.

The next meeting of the Society for scientific business will be held on Tuesday, May 25th, 1909, at half-past eight o'clock p.m., when the following communications will be made:

1. Dr. J. G. De Man.—Description of a new Species of the Genus *Alpheus* Fabr. from the Bay of Batavia.
2. R. Lydekker.—On the Skull of a Black Bear from Eastern Tibet, with a Note on the Formosan Bear.
3. R. H. Burne, M.A., F.Z.S.—The Anatomy of the Olfactory Organ of Teleostean Fishes.

The following communication has been received:

G. C. Shortridge.—An Account of the Geographical Distribution of the Marsupials and Monotremes of South-west Australia, having special reference to the specimens collected during the Balston Expedition of 1904-1907.

ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The first of the afternoon meetings of this Society for the present session was held at 70 Victoria Street, Westminster, on Wednesday, the 19th, Mr. H. Mellish, President, in the Chair.

Colonel H. E. Rawson read a paper on "The Anticyclonic Belt of the Northern Hemisphere." In a previous communication the author brought forward some facts regarding the anticyclonic belt of the southern hemisphere, derived from an examination of the South African records from the year 1841 to 1906. He found that the indications of a cyclical oscillation of the belt to and from the equator over South Africa were strong enough to encourage the belief that an analysis of Australian records on the one side and of Argentine on the other would prove that all the action centres of the atmosphere were moving together over this wide area, and that a similar oscillation existed in the northern hemisphere. Colonel Rawson subsequently found that investigations of Mr. H. C. Russell and Dr. J. W. S. Lockyer supported his conclusion that there is a period of about 9.5 years between the greatest north and greatest south position of the anticyclonic belt in the southern hemisphere, the double oscillation thus taking nineteen years. He has since extended the enquiry into the movements of the action-centres in the northern hemisphere with a view to ascertaining whether they show any similar oscillation to and from the equator, which is not to be explained by seasonal changes of position. Dealing with the Nile floods, he draws the inference that the high pressure systems which affect North-East Africa are farther north when the floods are in excess, and nearer to Egypt when they are deficient. He also made an analysis of the tracks of the hurricanes which

passed north and south of Manila Observatory, and found that these throw an interesting light upon the oscillations of the action-centres of the atmosphere.

A paper by Mr. A. Walter, of the Royal Alfred Observatory, Mauritius, on "Errors of Estimation in Thermometric Observations" was read by the Secretary. In examining the returns from a newly inaugurated series of second-order meteorological stations in Mauritius it was noticed that a large percentage of the thermometer readings were in whole or half divisions. This led the author to analyse the returns, and he gave in the paper the frequency curves of the "tenths of estimation."

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

"ALL GIFTS ARE NOT GIVEN TO ONE."

—Macaulay.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to be allowed, through your columns, to convey to your correspondent, "F.," my grateful acknowledgments for his kind and flattering appreciation of my literary efforts. I prize his remarks much, firstly, because of the sincerity which runs through them; and secondly, because I consider them as one of the most pleasing rewards that I ever received for my long and unremitting labour.

But now, discarding my personality, I must repeat more precisely that, if most critics admire (a) Racine when he says of the rising sun:

"L'astre dont la présence écarte la nuit sombre," etc.,

(b) de Vigny, when he imparts his impression at the sight of the sun at sea:

"Le soleil souriant dorait les voiles blanches," etc.,

(c) Leconte de Lisle, when he draws a picture of the dawn of day:

"L'aube aux flancs noirs des monts marchait d'un pied vermeil," etc.,

not one in twenty critics will ever feel disposed to recommend the following poetical prose:

"L'aurore ouvrait avec ses doigts de rose les portes de l'orient,"

as a substitute for the simple sentence:

"Le soleil se levait."

And if a good many critics admire (a) Victor Hugo, when, speaking of Nature after sunset, he says:

"Le rayon du couchant laisse un adieu plus doux," etc.,

(b) Sully Prudhomme, when, in speaking of evening twilight, he expresses himself thus:

"Le crépuscule aux fleurs mêlait ses améthystes," etc.,

(c) Maurice Bouchor, when he paints so gracefully the effects of the setting sun on Nature:

"Lorsque sur le soleil majestueux et las
La porte d'or du riche Occident s'était close,
Tel qu'un hortensia fleurissait le ciel rose,
Nuancé de vert pâle et teinté de lilas," etc.

very few will appreciate this too flowery sentence in prose:

"Le soleil couchant tendait sur l'horizon une bande d'un rose tendre, qui flottait comme une écharpe aux doux balancements des flots";

to which many will certainly prefer the following expression, so simple and so natural:

"Le soleil se couchait."*

I compare the former to the gaudy costume of the toreador and the latter to the sober dress of the gentleman in the true acceptance of the word.

Referring to Hazlitt, I beg to state that my critic must have read this author's "Lectures on the English Poets" a long time ago, since he seems to have forgotten that this very writer gives to the word "poetry" a score of queer and original definitions, amongst which I will choose two: *beauty* and *interest*. When he says, for instance, that there is poetry in "Robinson Crusoe" he very likely alludes to the *beauty*

* Extract from "Salammbô" (page 2, line 31), by Gustave Flaubert.

which really exists in Defoe's unpretentious style; and when he speaks of the poetry which is to be found in the childish game of "Hide-and-Seek" he no doubt means that there is great *interest* in that game. And there is, as far as I remember, in one of the first twenty or thirty pages of his volume of "Lectures on the English Poets" a footnote written either by Hazlitt himself or by his editor, which runs as follows:

Poets are in general bad prose-writers, because their images, though fine in themselves, are not to the purpose, and do not carry on the argument.

In connection with Flaubert's opinion of poetry I beg to say that, however great may be my admiration for verse, I do not consider it as "the absolute and best expression of human thought." Simple, clear, and elegant prose, like that of About, for instance, conveys one's thoughts more clearly and more concisely than French poetry will ever be able to do, on account of its rhymes, which cause the ideas sometimes to take a different path from the one that the poet originally assigned to them in his mind before he set his pen to paper.

Regarding the "illustrious Flaubert," as my critic calls the author of "Madame Bovary," I am in a position to say that I do not share "F.'s" great admiration for this writer. I cannot bring my mind to consider Flaubert as "illustrious," for the following reason: The difference which I find between the loose style of his letters and the concise one which he displays in his novels leads me to believe that his reputation has been greatly over-rated. Do what I will I cannot expel from my mind the idea that his best works were submitted for correction to some clever brother writer or critic before he had them printed, because the difference between the two is immense; his letters do not rank above those of Ponson du Terrail, whilst his novels can be put on a par with the best productions in French literature. "La langue de ses lettres," says Emile Faguet, "est copieuse, abandonnée, négligée jusqu'à une affectation de négligence et de trivialité, décousue, surchargée, violente, emphatique et débridée. Celle de ses romans, est châtiée, surveillée, calculée. On peut dire avec assurance que littéralement tout y a été corrigé, tout raturé et écrit à nouveau. Sa correspondance fourmille de fautes de français, et, pour ce qui est du style proprement dit, est souvent défectueuse jusqu'à en être choquante, etc. Comme peintre de portraits (dans ses romans), il est supérieur à Balzac. Ses paysages sont des hallucinations précises. Depuis Chateaubriand, on n'avait pas su peindre les choses de la nature avec cette prodigieuse netteté, cette extraordinaire adaptation de l'expression à l'objet."

Let us now take Flaubert as a critic. My humble opinion is that he used to judge of literary productions with a biased mind. For instance, what confidence can anyone place in a critic who says:

"La fable des 'Deux Pigeons' m'a toujours plus ému que tout Lamartine"?

This sweeping judgment is quite as bad as Lamartine's criticism on Lafontaine's masterpieces:

"Douze vers sonores, sublimes, religieux d'Athalie, m'effaçaient de l'oreille toutes les cigales, tous les corbeaux et tous les renards de cette ménagerie puérile."

But to be fair both to my critic "F." and to Flaubert I will quote a passage from one of this French author's novels, so charming in its elegant simplicity, so true in its faithful picture of home-life amongst the working classes. His hero has come back home from work at night to meet his wife and child, whom he finds asleep. He walks on tiptoe in order not to wake either, and his affectionate look goes from one to the other; then he stops in front of his little girl's cradle and begins to think of her future:

"Charles les regardait. Il croyait entendre l'haleine légère de son enfant. Elle allait grandir maintenant; chaque saison, vite, amènerait un progrès. Il la voyait déjà revenant de l'école à la tombée du jour, toute rieuse, avec sa brassière tachée d'encre et portant au bras son panier; puis il faudrait la mettre en pension; cela coûterait beaucoup; comment faire? Alors il réfléchissait," etc.

A FRENCH LINGUIST.

POETS' PROSE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The discussion raised by your essayist's remark about the prose of verse-writers is peculiarly interesting and important. The real point seems to be precisely as expressed

in your article, viz., "a man who can write really good poetry can also write good prose"; rather than the one which your correspondent, "A French Linguist," appeared to be discussing, whether a man can be both a great poet and a great prose-writer. To this question, which is very different from the other, your correspondent's negative may perhaps be allowed, for its discussion would turn largely upon individual differences, such as whether Milton can be considered as great both in verse and in prose.

But to my mind there can be no doubt that there is something in the nature of genuine poetry and of the genuine poet which brings it to pass that he instinctively and inevitably writes fine prose; and this in spite of the vital differences between the two media both in structure and inspiration. One might almost say that here is a method of detecting a spurious poet: if he writes bad prose he has not the immortal flame. It might be possible to argue that there is a peculiar character about this prose which makes it distinctively "poets' prose"; there is, for example, a singular harmony between the verse and the prose of Wordsworth and of Gray respectively. The same may be said of the writings of that last of the Titans, whose loss is still fresh and sore, the late Mr. Swinburne. But the main proposition holds good.

It is notable that the converse is by no means true: a great *prosateur* is not of necessity a good poet. Writers so diverse as Lamb and Ruskin may be cited where many examples might be given; whilst as for some consummate masters, like De Quincey and Pater, I do not know that they wrote verse at all.

There is much cogency in "A French Linguist's" argument that a man who attempts to use both media of language is apt to spoil himself for both, or at least to fall short of greatness in either. The names of Charles Kingsley and Alexander Smith might have been sure of a richer immortality than can be theirs had they developed one medium exclusively. On the other hand, it may be that these writers and their like accomplished just such work as they were capable of, and that exclusive devotion to any one muse might not have brought the crowning compensation.

One more point remains, which was raised by your second correspondent, "F.," who cites Flaubert's opinion of poetry as the supreme and absolute expression of human thought. Without disputing the thesis I always find something a little invidious in this comparison of prose and poetry. Surely it is better to say that both are high and noble voices; but their tone and effect is different as they themselves are different. They are the voice of speech and the voice of song; the voice of song has a wider compass and is more fit to express strong feeling, "the depth and not the tumult of the soul"; the voice of speech is cunning or powerful to persuade the intellect. Each in its own way beguiles the ear; there is, as everyone knows, a rhythm of prose and a rhythm of poesy, as different the one from the other as walking is from running, and the one as beautiful and as noble as the other. Should we not therefore speak of these voices, which have each its separate strength and charm, as of equal in honour, co-ordinate in dual sovereignty?

May 15, 1909.

G. LOWTHER.

MALARIA AND GREEK HISTORY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I thank the reviewer of "Malaria and Greek History" for his very courteous letter. Let me say that the second paragraph of my reply did not in any way apply to him. But I am constantly receiving criticisms to the effect that the Greeks did not deteriorate in the fourth century B.C., or that there is no proof that malaria caused the decline. I would reply that, even though this be true, malaria is an important factor for the historian to consider. Many habits of the Greeks were due to the desire to counteract the influence of an unhealthy environment, and it can be proved to demonstration that malaria caused the desertion of fertile tracts of country, brought premature old age, and gradually killed off the fair-haired portion of the population.

An article bearing upon the question of immunity to malaria has just appeared in "Janus," an international journal of medical history and geography, and I should be very grateful if you could publish a short analysis of it. The writer, Dr. Otto Effertz, a governmental vaccinator in Mexico, attempts to prove that the virulence of an infectious disease is not absolute, but relative, being the resultant of two factors varying according to the country in which the disease is endemic and the people who are attacked by it. These factors are:—(1) The virulence of the microbe, which differs in different

countries; (2) the extent to which the patients have become immune through natural selection. In other words, the microbes, as the result of their struggle with men, gradually increase in strength; natural selection evolves more powerful micro-organisms. On the other hand, a race of men is evolved more capable of resisting them. The resultant represents the malignity of the disease, and it will vary as the factors vary. Dr. Effertz then notices two remarkable facts: (1) African malaria is deadly for Europeans, but very mild for Africans; (2) American malaria is deadly for American Indians, but mild for Europeans. He infers (a) that the African parasite has grown more virulent during the thousands of years it has been in Africa; (b) that the American parasite is much less virulent, having been recently carried to America. The African negro has won his battle; the European has partly won it; the American Indian has yet to win it. The European is superior to the American parasite, but inferior to the African parasite. The Indian is inferior, the African negro superior, to both.

Dr. Effertz applies similar reasoning to syphilis and yellow fever. He shows that the Spaniards could not have carried out their conquests if the continent had been as fever-stricken as it is now, and, as a matter of fact, history tells us little about fever in those days. Malaria was probably brought over from Europe; it now kills over 50 per cent. of all Mexican Indians. America, by way of return, gave syphilis to Europe.

I offer no comment.

I am, Sir,

10 Brunswick Walk,
Cambridge.

Yours faithfully,

W. H. S. JONES.

May 18th, 1909.

OLD FRIENDS OF MR. LE QUEUX.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In a recent issue of THE ACADEMY, one of your correspondents challenged a statement wherein Mr. William Le Queux claimed to have been an "old friend" of the late Willie Collins. The distinguished author of "The Woman in White" died in 1889, at the age of 65. A glance at the autobiography of Mr. Le Queux as published in "Who's Who" will show, on a comparison of dates, that the claim of old friendship is obviously absurd. But it is, perhaps, illusive to take Mr. Le Queux quite as seriously as he seems inclined to take himself. The statement to which your correspondent called attention appeared in "Printers' Pie" of 1908. In the issue of that weird miscellany for 1909 Mr. Le Queux claims yet another "old friend." Mr. Le Queux seems to be what, on the Stock Exchange, they would call "a bear of Old Friends." The "old friend" is, on this occasion, a mere bank manager. But had he been a king he could scarcely have entrusted the worthy Le Queux with a more weighty mission. This is the manner of the writer's opening:

"One morning, a couple of years ago, on presenting an order to the manager of a well-known bank in the Strand—who happened to be an old friend of mine—I received from him the most magnificent string of pearls that I have ever seen. Consisting of three hundred and eighty perfectly-matched pearls of great size, it was the historic string which had belonged to Catherine the Great, and had been given by Napoleon to Josephine. It was a royal heirloom which I had been asked to take to Rome, its value being about forty thousand pounds."

That which follows is mere "shocker" undisguised and unashamed. It can have no interest for readers of THE ACADEMY except in so far as it suggests an interesting psychological problem. The problem is this: May not the continuous production of "mystery stories" superinduce a mental condition in which the patient finds it impossible to discriminate between fact and fiction?

Apart from psychology, however, one is delighted to welcome another "old friend" of Mr. William Le Queux.

Yours truly,

O. K.

THE BUDGET AND THE JEWS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In your issue of this week a letter appears in which the writer very opportunely points out the likelihood of Tariff Reform being utilised by certain persons for the purpose of protecting those industries from which Englishmen have been ousted. It is well that Englishmen should know that the leading spirits in the anti-sweating movement are pro-alien to

a man—I might say to a woman. If these people were sincere they would attack the root of the evil—viz., the importation into this country of poverty-stricken aliens. This, however, is not their idea at all. Their motto is protection of sweated industries, with free importation of the human material, without which sweating would be difficult, if not impossible. You will find little desire on their part to protect any industry which is still a source of employment for Englishmen. In that direction they are all Free Traders.

Those who have looked well into this question are convinced that no scheme of Tariff Reform can assist the British worker unless it is accompanied by an Alien Exclusion Act. High prices and no better assurance of employment will be of no use to the British worker, but render his last state worse than his first.

P. VARNALS.

15 Swanage Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.
May 17th, 1909.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Perhaps it is worth while to point out that in last week's issue the writer of the article entitled "The Sense of Humour" quotes some fifty lines from Mr. Augustine Birrell's essay on George Borrow, but inadvertently attributes them to Mr. Andrew Lang. They may be found in the former author's book, "Res Judicatae," at page 123.

T. J. ABRAHAM.

[We have also received another letter pointing out our contributor's slip.—Ed.]

"DODGE."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I don't think it possible to connect the word "dodge" with the French "douer." According to the "English Dialect Dictionary" a northern variant of *dodge* is *dadge*. On the other hand, the English equivalent to a French *douer* would be *dudge*; compare the French *souple*, *souffrir*, *tourette*, *courant*, *coutelas*, *mouton*, *glouton*, *bouton* with their English equivalents. If *dodge* had been of French origin the French verb would have been *doger* not *douer*; compare our *lodge* with the French *loger*. It would be difficult to find any example of an English short *o* representing a French *ou*; the word *cover* is not an exception, as the accented vowel is pronounced as the *u* in *button*, the *o* being written before the *v* (or *u*) simply from graphic considerations.

There is no doubt that the word *douge* in Cotgrave, said to mean "small, fine, little, slender, thin," is derived from the Latin adjective *delicatus*, which in Ducange is glossed "subtilis tenuis." The O.F. forms were *douge*, *deuge*, *delgé*, *delgié*. For the last form see *Chanson de Roland* 3389, "l'herbe . . . verte et *delgié*" (l'herbe verte et fine). I am afraid the origin of the word "dodge" remains a mystery.

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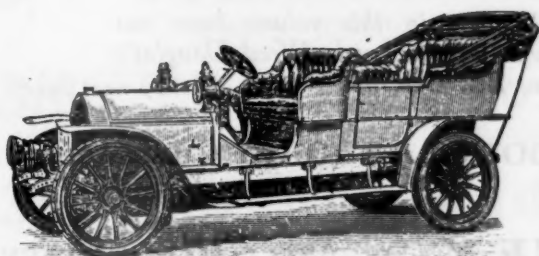
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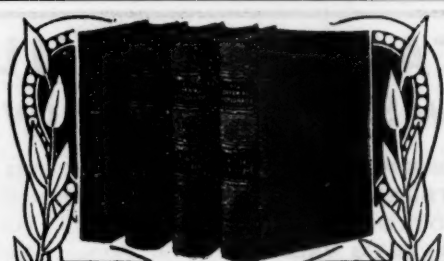
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